A NATIONAL PÆAN

WALTER ALLEN RICE

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WALTER ALLEN RICE

A National Paean

Poems and Songs by

WALTER ALLEN RICE

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
The Gorham Press
1904

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1904

Printed at
THE GORHAM PRESS
Boston, U. S. A.

INTRODUCTION

To the Public:

When the verses of "A National Pæan" had been published and republished in a large number of the most influential papers of our country, and appeared to be received with special favor, the idea was suggested of giving these words a musical setting, and of presenting to the public a new national anthem.

Inspired by this theme, and highly encouraged by kind words of John Phillip Sousa, the eminent young composer, F. D. Bloomfield, clothed the words with stirring and martial music, and "A National Pæan" was published as a popular chorus song by "The National Pæan Co." of Buffalo, New York.

The song was introduced at the Pan American Exposition, July 3d, 1901, by Sousa's famous band.

The author received many letters concerning the song, from distinguished patriotic citizens, among them the following:

President William McKinley.
President Theodore Roosevelt.
Ex-President Grover Cleveland.
Senator William P. Frye.
Senator H. C. Lodge.
Senator Mark Hanna.
Admiral George Dewey.
Governor B. B. Odell, New York.
Mayor Seth Low, New York City.
President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale.
President William R. Harper, University of Chicago.
Booker T. Washington, Principal Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

To a mother's tender love and encouragement received in early life, when the author's impulses first turned toward literary work, and especially verse making, is due, more than to any other influence, whatever success has attended the productions of his pen.

"Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother's love ever has shown,—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours."

The author takes this opportunity of thanking many editors of newspapers, under whose auspices the verses contained in this volume have attained a wide circulation during the past twenty years. The kindness of editors, and many courtesies extended by the press, in all sections of the United States, are most sincerely appreciated.

THE AUTHOR.

A NATIONAL PAEAN

POEMS AND SONGS

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A NATIONAL PAEAN

Let us recall colonial days,
  When o'er the seas our fathers came;
Let all the people sing in praise
  Of those who kindled Freedom's flame.
How brave the hearts that risked their all
  To break the chains of tyranny;
What heroes they who led the call
  Through dangers dark to liberty.

Behold amid the wilderness
  An altar reared, a flag unfurled,
A nation's birth, ordained to bless,
  America, the new-found world!
On shields of gold their names engrave,
  Their valiant deeds commemorate;
Long live the flag our fathers gave!
  Beneath "Old Glory" celebrate.

Though oft by mighty foes defied,
  Majestic moves our ship of state;
Lo, Commerce comes across the tide
  To Eastern mart and Golden Gate.
Our bounty doth the millions feed,
  While countless mill wheels swiftly turn
And Labor wins her rightful meed
  Of all her willing hands may earn.

Throughout our land of liberty
  To all men give their equal rights;
Then everywhere Prosperity
  Will shed her warm refulgent lights.
The laws of man and laws of God
  Alike should bless both rich and poor;

Let Justice ply her chastening rod
By palace gate or cottage door.

Columbia! the people's land,
The happy land our fathers found!
Thy name adored from strand to strand,
Thy fame extends the earth around.
At Freedom's call thy heroes lead,
Where Asia's glories o'er her play,
'Neath Southern skies a black race freed
Crowned victors at Manila Bay.

THE STUDENT REFUGEE

It may be rumor, nothing more,
But thus the story comes to me,
Like those weird tales in days of yore
Of bloody deeds across the sea.

A half a score of years have flown
Since, in that quaint old German land,
A maiden spake in true-love's tone,
And to a student pledged her hand.

But vows are words too often spoken
When hearts cannot their import feel;
Vows are mere words that may be broken,
When future hours the truth reveal.

Months passed; her lover had returned
From a sojourn in sunny France,
Where all the while his heart had yearned
For one sweet word, one love-lit glance.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The welcome cold, the down-cast eyes,
  Disclosed a smold'ring, dying flame;
Words could not paint his mad surprise
  When gossip linked another's name.

Convinced at last she was untrue,
  That his deep love had been betrayed,
Revenge he swore should help undo
  The wrong, through his own trusty blade.

The challenge sent was bravely met,
  Against the law of that old land;
And at the hour that had been set
  These two stood facing, sword in hand.

Within the forest's shadows deep
  The combatants and seconds stood,
Whose low words scarcely broke the sleep
  That long had wrapped that silent wood.

The signal came—for one 'twas death—
  The fight was fiercely then begun;
The seconds hushed their very breath,
  Till this mad scene at length was done.

The lover's sword was crimson dyed:
  Revenge he'd gained, his foe lay dead;
But his own country's laws defied
  Now set a price upon his head.

A fugitive from native land,
  An exile from his love and home,
He sought Atlantic's rocky strand,
  For years thus doomed to sadly roam.

* * * * * * * *

Among New Hampshire's mountains lies
The peaceful rural city, Keene,
Above which bend auspicious skies
From yonder peaks to village green.

But fifteen miles, by winding road,
Brings one to silvered Surry Mine,
Whose darksome depths are men's abode
From dawn of day till its decline.

There's one a-toiling far below
Who speaks the quaint old German tongue,
Whose face betrays an inward woe,
And seems at times by anguish wrung.

At eve he strolls the mountain height,
While over Keene the moon smiles down,
And paints, in fancy's distant flight
A face, and tresses dusky brown.

His low words, full of sad despair,
Tell of a love across the sea;
Tell of revenge accomplished there—
Mark him the student refugee.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

"THE FOURTH"

O Nation! thy own festive day
  Begins ere yet night shades have fled;
Hear! hear the guns! near and away;
  Behold the East in blazing red.
From hills of Maine to Georgia's strand,
  From the Atlantic's surging sea
To the Pacific, o'er the land
  Awakes the nation of the free.

To-day life's struggles all forget;
  In one grand jubilee unite,
And guide the gleaming sun to set
  With pealing bells on every height.
So echo meeting echo blends
  In wondrous symphony of sound,
Till every town and city sends
  Its joy the country's borders 'round.

O Freedom! this belongs to thee;
  For thee these starry banners wave
All o'er the land from sea to sea—
  For thee the martyred soldier's grave.
So boom the cannon! Peal the bells!
  Commemorate her glorious sway,
Till heaven shall hear the news it tells
  And bless our nation's natal day.

MIGNONETTE

I dreamed a dream. Lo! I was sent to bring
The sweetest flower that grows,
And fairy-like I sped on tireless wing
Where Flora richest blows,
Beneath the Southland's sunny skies
Where dazzling beauty never dies.

I tarried long amid its gorgeous bloom,
Distracted half in thought,
For surely here must be that rare perfume
That other lands know not.
Oh, never were such rainbow hues
So sweetly kissed by morning dews!

But while my choice delayed, from far away
There fluttering, trembling came
A Northland fragrance loved in boyhood's day,
And breathing low its name,
Methought, "Why should I farther roam?
My choice is at my Northern home."

But still upon this happy mission bound,
On fairy's wings I sped
Across dividing seas till soon I found
Italian skies o'erhead,
And here the brilliant stranger charms
Half chained me in their rosy arms.

Again the spell was broken, and in flight
I crossed the Orient land,
With wondrous blossoms beautifully bright;
Then o'er Sahara's sand
To Afric's flowery tropic wild,
By man unknown, and undefiled.

LIBERTY BELL, PHILADELPHIA

How proudly! Oh, how swiftly then I flew
Back to my Northland hills,
To name the sweetest flower that ever grew;
O'er oceans, streams and rills
I sought my choice, in boyhood met,
Earth's sweetest blossom—Mignonette.

THRICE HAIL, THE HERO!

Welcome to Admiral Dewey on the day of his arrival in N. Y. City, Sept. 27, 1899.

As when the ancient Greeks did celebrate
Olympic games and with each other vie
In tests of strength, or in the races fly,
The victor, laurel-crowned, returned in state;
So sailed away to meet the guns of Spain
A tiny squadron 'neath the Stripes and Stars;
Behind the guns the followers of Mars,
And on the bridge the hero of the main.
How rudely Spain was wakened from her sleep
Has oft been told since that bright morn in May;
That daring deed, the wonder of the deep,
To Peace will lead the nations of our day,
And lasting fame his name will ever keep—
Thrice hail the hero of Manila Bay!

REFLECTION

To-day against the crags is breaking,
The sea with madness rife;
The tyrant storm-king's wand awak'ning
The elements in strife,
And luckless vessels harbor making
Portray the thing called life.

I traced a mountain spring swift flowing
Far down the rugged height,
As gathering strength by onward going
A torrent dashed in flight;
In thunder tones its lesson showing—
"Toil wears a crown of might!"

The early sunlight on me streaming
Awaked me just at morn:
And as I saw it half a-dreaming,
Between the curtains drawn,
I said, "So Fame's bright glory beaming
Lights Hope's triumphal dawn."

I stood upon the hill-top, thinking,
Face turning towards the west;
Then from my sight the sun was sinking
From skies in crimson dressed;
And as the stars o'erhead came twinkling,
I said, "Ah, this is rest!"

Yet all these glories playing 'round me,
The sea from strand to strand,
And every golden chain that bound me,
The myriad scenes of land,—
Ay! e'en the fate that somehow found me,
Proclaim God's wondrous hand!

ADMIRAL GEO. DEWEY

MOTHER

Friend, cease your labor, drop the book or pen,
And through the time-blurred past, to days of yore
Return in thought. Unlatch the cottage door,
And step within yourself a youth again;
Retrace the shad'wy aisles of bygone years—
Through which you've climbed the rugged heights of fame,
Forgetting all things in a transient name—
To childhood's home. Your eyes are filled with tears,
That have not coursed your cheeks since that good-by,
When gray-haired mother, with deep grief, yet pride,
Saw you depart on manhood's ocean wide,
And sever thus life's truest, fondest tie.
When palsied memory recalls no other,
'Twill thrill with youthful fire and whisper "Mother."

OH, WELCOME, ROBIN

Oh, welcome, red-breast! Welcome robin!
Your sweetest, strongest numbers, utter;
Among the blossoms in our orchard
Take up your quarters, sing and flutter.

My heart was sore that cold fall morning
When first I knew you had departed;
So fierce my longing to go with you
To sunny climes, I almost started;
Yet in my fancy I beheld you,
While here my weary burdens bound me,
The perfumed orange groves enjoying;
I here, the snow-king's fetters 'round me.

Throughout the icy, freezing winter,
As winds rushed by the corner, sighing,
I often, often, used to ask me,
"Is that my robin out there crying?"
I feared, perchance, you may have wandered—
Have wandered in this blinding weather;
And at your old-time home sought shelter,
Clad only in your coat of feather.

When we discovered you last summer,
Preparing to stay through the season,
We wondered why we lingered single—
That's Will and I—and asked the reason.
But I could only flush and tremble,
While you, dear robin, seemed replying:
"Go build your nest; like me be happy,
And nevermore sit sighing, sighing."

So while you have been gone, robin,
And in your orange groves been tarrying,
And while we've longed so oft to see you,
We have been building and—a-marrying,
Again has come the golden summer,
With you, dear robin, and the flowers;
Among the fragrant apple blossoms
Your nest is hid 'mid fairy bowers.

So welcome, redbreast! Welcome, robin!
Your sweetest, strongest numbers utter;
Among the blossoms in our orchard
Take up your quarters, sing and flutter!

MEMORIAL DAY

Again we seem to hear that signal gun
When traitors dared assail our Nation's life;
Again we tell of battles lost and won,
Recall the annals of that bloody strife.

Again they fall in line, the boys in blue,
And up the street in marching order come;
Again we think of days when brave and true
A host went forth marshaled by fife and drum.

The stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle" then
Inspired all hearts for right and liberty;
Beneath Old Glory's folds our gallant men
Treason o'ercame and crowned with victory.

Those awful days we never can forget,
When happy homes were made a sacrifice;
To broken hearts our country owes a debt
That gold can ne'er repay at any price.

Husbands and wives then parted ne'er to meet,
Mothers and sons then kissed a last goodby;
Sweethearts' fond vows the last time did repeat,
So marched our boys to hostile fields to die.

But white-robed Peace at length assumed her sway
While from the carnage and the wreck of strife
Emerged the heroes of Memorial Day,
War-worn defenders of our Nation's life.

This day unto the dead we consecrate,
And living heroes honor now the dead;
Our garlands are for those who met their fate
While following on where Freedom's banners led.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee" we sing again!
We sing of those who gave their all for thee,
Of that Grand Army of immortal men
Who made thee and thy children ever free.

TO A BOUQUET

My little world of bliss, so sweetly fair!
If 'mid thy bloom and fragrance I could dwell
I'd hie with thee to some delightful dell,
Contented thus to live forever there;
But if the giver of each beauteous flower
Who thus confessed in floral billet-doux,
To those fond vows will constantly be true,
Then life will be a heaven, one blissful hour.
This od'rous heliotrope and blushing rose,
This trailing vine, and bud of golden hue
Hold secrets dear; but loveliest to view
This rose with petals pure as driven snows.
By thee, white rose, I swear to constant be
Till she no longer says, "My heart is free."

SHE SLEEPS

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

The last hoarse gales of winter roared around
The low stained eaves of that small cottage home,
And deeply lay the snow upon the ground,
When o'er them gathered fast a darksome gloam.

The shadow o'er the well-worn threshold steals,
Upon a mother's cheek it leaves its kiss;
While each dumb heart, save hers, its presence feels,
And whispers low in terror, "What is this?"

The little ones oft lingered by the bed,
As there she fondly smoothed their golden hair;
And e'en their little hearts seemed touched with dread,
And wondered why their mother dear lay there.

'Twas thus she spake with fearless, hopeful heart
Of how that wintry scene would pass away;
Nor did she dream, when erst it did depart,
That o'er her form would bloom the flowers gay.

"Yes, Lulu, when the summer comes again,
And all these snow-fields melt away from sight,
When bright and balmy June has come again,
We'll roam the fields from early morn till night.

"Yes, when the trees are clad in richest green
And birds sing sweetly near our cottage door,
When summer seems to lend its golden sheen,
And flowers send their fragrance to our door;

"When all about us is one waving sea
Of thriving grain, we'll pick the berries then
That nestle 'mid the buttercups, and we
Shall be so gay when summer comes again.

"How bright the sun will shine, and 'neath the shade
Of yonder aged elm I'll watch you swing;
And when the daylight has begun to fade
We'll gather on the steps, and all will sing."

* * * * * * * * *

Amid the brightest fancies, rainbow-hued,
The spirit clung to its poor tenement;
Although with thorns her path was thickly strewed,
She'd fain with this poor lot remain content.

Yet feebler, fainter, dimmer grows the light,
And still the shudd'ring spirit closely clings;
But yesterday it could not stay its flight,
To-day among the white-robed throng she sings.

Oh, Death! you've robbed a loving heart of all
That smooths the way thro' this sad vale of tears;
Oh, Death, beneath thine awful, silent pall
You've stilled a loving heart from all its fears.

Oh, Death! two little ones will call in vain
For mother's loving words and warm embrace;
Two little ones will miss the sweet refrain,
Will miss forevermore a mother's face.

Yes, when the summer comes again, and flowers
Bloom sweetly 'round the door, when all is gay
Some hearts will bear a grief no summer hours
Of richest bloom can ever charm away.

The cold, unfeeling world will mark it not,
And few will know where is her burial place;
Fame recognizes not so poor a lot,
And yet her virtues Time can ne'er efface.

She sleeps! from o'er her life the mists have fled;
She sleeps in peace where flowers eternal bloom!
She sleeps—think not of her as with the dead!
She sleeps, yet not within the silent tomb.

WHEN THE STARS

When the stars are merry twinkling
  Through the windows of the night,
And the moon in radiant glory
  Walks alone her azure height,
It recalls a face I've known
When I wandered not alone.

It reminds me of a sorrow
  That the stars can never still;
Of a heart bereft and broken,
  That no other voice can thrill.
Oft I strive with longing eyes,
For a glimpse beyond the skies.

There methinks in regal beauty
  She looks down each starry night,
Standing by the gates of jasper,
  In her robes of snowy white:
Fancy only it may be....
Yet a truth it seems to me.

When around me falls the evening,
  With its tranquil veil of rest,
And the voice I loved is silent,
  Sealed the lips my own have pressed,
In the shadows sadly drear,
Down my cheeks oft rolls a tear.

When the stars shall cease to glitter
  In Night's deep cerulean crown,
When the moon puts off her splendor,
  And no more on earth looks down,
Then will I forget that face,—
From my heart this love erase.

LIFE

Budding, blooming, dying,
Morning, noon and night;
Pleasure soon is sighing,
Time puts out the light;
Beauty's swiftly fleeing,
Youth is lost in age;
Things that are now being,
Are for history's page.

Hopes so like the flowers,
Beautiful and sweet,
Cheering summer hours,
But, alas, how fleet!
Wintry gales are blowing,
Dead the flowers lie;
Hopes are feebler growing
'Neath the leaden sky.

Laughing, musing, weeping,
Each succeeds in turn;
Each is in our keeping,
All too soon we learn;
Weeping, musing, laughing,
Life is only this;
Tears we're surely quaffing
From the cup of bliss.

When our hopes are failing,
When our lives are spent,
When we are bewailing
Fates so discontent;
If we can discover
In the dim beyond,

Light that seems to hover
O'er the Christian's wand,—

Shadows may be lifted,
And the spirit roam,
When the scenes have shifted,
In a cloudless home,—
Where there is no dying,
Morning, noon or night,
Pleasure never sighing,
But "eternal" light.

AMONG THE FLOWERS

The woodbine climbs the arbor o'er,
Its tendrils clinging to the walls,
And forming fairy garden halls:
The roses richly bloom once more,
And 'mid the white ones 'gain I see
A face, and hear "my heart is free."

Her slender hand had plucked the rose,
And bade me trust the tale it told:
But when the pansies did unfold,
They seemed to wondrously disclose
That in our lives a thought had grown—
"This must be love that comes unknown."

How shall I e'er forget that hour,
When o'er us arched the smiling skies!
Forget that blush, those downcast eyes;
Forget the pink—O queenly flower!—
The pink that breathed, in tend'rest tone,
"My love for you I thus will own."

The heliotrope and ivy, too,
  Last year first spake their mystic tongue,
  And I their numbers softly sung,
Till jonquils fanned the flame anew.
  Now phlox we love in our bouquets,
  While swiftly glide the summer days.

* * * * * * *

Beneath the touch of winter's hand
  The blossoms' rosy lips were sealed;
  Yet each sweet thought they had revealed
Wove round our hearts a golden band,
  That through the fleeting years will shine
  As both our pathways intertwine.

"SIMPLY TO THY CROSS I CLING"

Step with me across the threshold
  Of the mansion where we dwell;
Heed thou not the costly pictures
  Or the works where arts excel;
Turn from all unto this motto
  While its wondrous worth I tell.

Long ago our pathways severed,
  Far apart our journeys led;
Longing thoughts could not but wonder—
  Were she living? Were she dead?
Till the silence gave this token,
  Mystic token you have read.

And these words in silence uttered,
  Words that burdened mortals sing,
Unto me hath deeper meaning,
  Tender memories they bring,

Till each heart-string seems to vibrate—
"Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Cold and still the skillful fingers
That once traced these symbols fair;
Long since knocked they at the portals
Leading up the golden stair,
Leaving here earth's dearest treasures
For the joys the blessed share.

When the winds without are raging,
Drifting high the pearly snow,
Silently I watch the flicker
Of the fire light's genial glow,
While the shadows form a picture
Of the face I used to know.

With our choicest cherished portraits,
Is its consecrated place,
Where the red of summer's sunset
Clasps it in its warm embrace,
Where the perfume of June roses
Seems to lend it lovelier grace.

Where I go this guardian presence
Follows on its silent wing,
O'er me casts its benediction;
From despair withdraws its sting;
And I breathe in fervent prayer,
"Simply to Thy cross I cling."

IN CONFIDENCE

The surf broke gently at their feet,
  And she was looking toward the sea,
As though her heart much slower beat.
  "How quickly summer goes!"—said he—
"When office work is left behind,
And by the sea such friends we find."

"This season has peculiar charms"—
  She answered gazing far away—
"For nature somehow sweetly calms
  The restless spirit." "But to-day,"
He interrupted—"ere I go,
I've something you may like to know."

Expectantly the dark eyes fell,
  "Oh yes," she laughed, "I'll gladly hear
All—any news you wish to tell."
  "There's one I've learned to just revere,"
Continued he, "I ne'er could guess
If she would answer no, or yes."

"He only who will test his fate
  Deserves the prize he fain would own."
"But Maud—Miss Clairmont—let me state,
  The truth I now have sometime known."
"You have!" confused she cried, "who, who,
Has thus disclosed my thoughts to you?"

"No one; your thoughts I do not know;
  I trust they're happy as are mine,
For there'll go with me when I go
  A promise that is just divine."
"I'm glad"—she said—"of your success;
But her—her name! may I but guess?"

"Why Maud"—he cried—"there is but one,
You surely—surely know her name!
But one sweet face beneath the sun!"
"Oh, Dick! is she and I the same?"
"Why no! we are but friends,"—he cried—
Viola is my promised bride."

ON THE OTHER SHORE

Written from a pathetic account by a Methodist preacher of how his little loved ones have been called to the "other shore."

Yes, a pleasant home, I'm sure,
Is my wife's and mine;
Few the storms that we endure
Through His grace divine.
We have all that money brings,
Though our purse be small,
Yet there are some precious things
Gone from room and hall;
Gone from us while here we stay,
Sailing life's sea o'er,
To that "brighter, better day"
On the other shore.

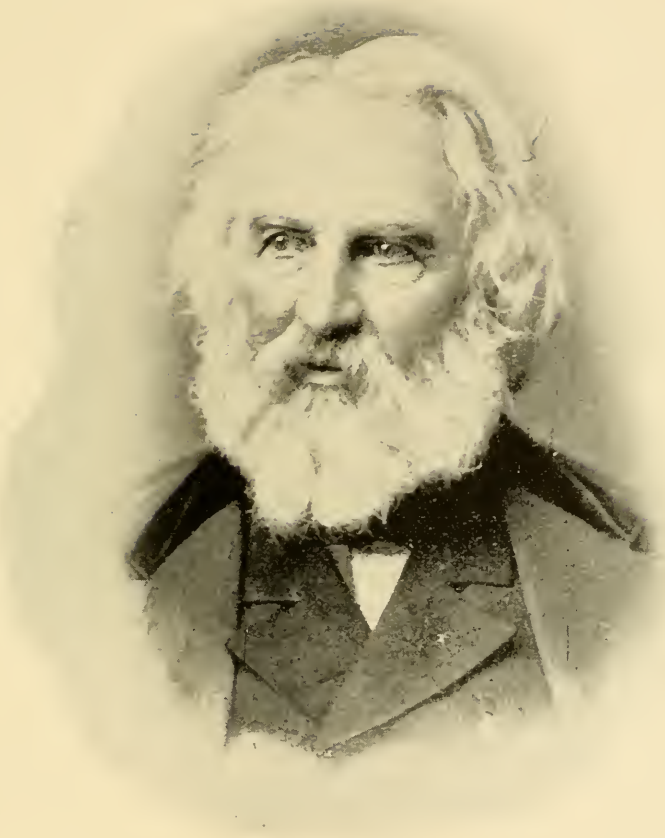
You ne'er saw them, and know not
How we loved those two,—
Willie, with inquiring thought,
And great eyes of blue:
Only seven years old was he,
Full of promise bright,—
All the day I miss his glee,
And his sweet "good-night:"
God's will, and not mine, be done;

Still I'll watch the door,
Till I greet my little son
On the other shore.

That was grief enough to bear,
Till the shadow fell
On our May's soft golden hair,
With its blighting spell;
Oh, if hearts did ever bleed,
How ached wife's and mine!
Was this deep, heart-rending meed
From His hand divine?
Through the darkness of our woe,
'Bove the tempest's roar,
Answers back a voice we know
From the other shore.

For three summers, short and sweet,
Bloomed our little May;
Oft I hear her patt'ring feet
Of that by-gone day;
And I close my weary eyes
On the world around,
Thinking that beyond the skies
Woe is never found;
But that rest from ceaseless pain,
Balm for hearts so sore,—
Meeting, ne'er to part again,
On the other shore.

Yes, they're gone, but there's a day,
In the by-and-by,
"When the mists have rolled away,"
We shall meet on high;
We shall see them robed in white,
Willie and our May;



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

They will know us in the light
  Of that "better day,"
When we've left this world behind,
  To return no more,
Loved ones lost we there shall find,
  On the other shore.

A SONNET TO LONGFELLOW

As students of the heavens start apace,
  When the far-reaching eye some stranger star
  Detects, softly approaching from afar,
And through the infinite space its course doth trace;
As out of Darkness trembling into view,
  It makes its being known, while wonder chains
  The world below, yet on with freer reins
It glides among the starry host to woo
All hearts by its own sparkling, nameless light,—
  So came this poet with his gifted pen,
  And paved his way unto the hearts of men,—
A dazzling star from out the realms of Night.
Many the idols here we love and know,
And yet no name like that of Longfellow.

EVENING IN SUMMER

When Titan reins his fiery steeds at last,
  O'er seas of flame and gorgeous fleecy isles,
His red-plumed helmet then is proudly cast
  At Evening's feet, whose face is wreathed in smiles.

When she has closed the golden doors of day,
  I love to hear her garments' rustling sound;
To feel her eyes meet mine, then turn away,
  While yet her presence seems to linger 'round.

How tenderly she wafts the cooling breeze
  O'er city thronged and pleasure's calm retreat,
Where weary mortals seek a moment's ease
  And greet her coming as a respite sweet.

As 'bove the couch some gentle mother bends
  And smooths with loving touch the coverlet,
So Evening, with her spangled spread descends,
  And folds away each burden of regret.

When each long sultry day doth reach its close,
  And fragrant is the air with new mown hay,
How softly down the insects' murmur flows,
  And blissful quiet steals along the way.

So silently the wondrous change transpires,
  We cannot mark the time when crimson light
Of sunset fades to blue, or when the fires
  Of evening first come twinkling into sight.

How heaven and earth now clasp each other's hands,
  And angels' footfalls we can almost hear;
Our weary feet now press the jasper sands,
  And through the mists, celestial heights appear.

EVENING

Ah, now the struggling spirit rends its chains,
And tears the lash from labor's tyrant hand,
And upward soaring to its native plains,
In freedom walks the bright Elysian strand.

LITTLE MAY

Could you see the little thing,
Such a fairy, flitting, dancing,
Here and there, like sunbeams glancing,
You would know how I can sing
With a fancy swiftly whirling
As I lift the locks a-curling
In their wanton grace
'Round the laughing face.

What if she awakes us all,
Ere the morning light is creeping
O'er the sky, with baby weeping,
Calling for her oldest doll!
Just to see the eyelids flutter
Peacefully, as low we utter
Soothing words, repays
Broken nights and days.

All the day those little feet
Tireless carry devastation,
And we suffer this invasion
Till night's shadows call retreat:
Then upon my knee a-climbing,
All her infant notes a-chiming,
To my heart I press
Every golden tress.

Baby, dear beyond compare!
While o'er life's wide sea we're sailing,
When our brightest hopes are failing,
Love for thee dispels dark care!
With thy puny hand, unknowing
Thou art guiding as we're rowing
O'er the surging tide
To the other side.

OUR RELATIONS

"Such imposition, John, I say;
A letter by this morning's mail
Informs us that your sister May
To-night will come to Sunnydale,
With us to spend a month or two,
And we'll no doubt rejoice to meet
Our niece and nephew, Ralph and Lu,
Down by the sea at our retreat.

"Is that imposing, John or not?
Yes, just five years, and only five,
Since she had all that money bought
And we could scarcely keep alive;
And when she might have helped you through
That time, and I was sick abed,
And we'd be turned right out she knew,
She wouldn't lend a single red.

"Her poor relations way down East!
Why she'd not heard from them for years;
They'd no pretense to style at least,—
And now, the fraud! has called us 'dears';
Now what's the difference? tell me John!
The news had not been out a week!

LITTLE MAY

How we awoke so rich that morn,
  Before we heard from Madame Cheek.

"I tell you, John, relation's ties
  Are worse to bear than—than—a man,
For they are living heartless lies
  I never loved and never can;
I'm glad her riches went on wings,
  For now she'll know how well it seems
To take her rank 'mong common things,
  And leave behind her de la cremes.

* * * * * * *

"Oh, sister May, how do you do!
  You're looking fresh as sweet sixteen, —
And Lulu has your eyes of blue,
  And Ralph—his equal's rarely seen;
Of course you'll stay all summer long!
  I know we'll like each other so:—
And we have here the gayest throng,
  And John is just the nicest beau!"

FATE

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."—Act V., Hamlet.

Alas! I raised my castle on the sand
  That shifts and shifts with each returning tide;
  Its architecture wrought with zealous pride
Methought would chain in wonder ev'ry land.
My fancy reared it there upon the strand,
  While far its tow'ring domes might be descried
  In glitt'ring golden sunshine richly dyed,—
And there my glorious work would ever stand.

'Twas but ambition's vision, yet my soul
I would have staked on its accomplishment.
Lo! as I paint in dream my life's great goal,
Upon my castle, in mad fury blent,
Fate's crushing billows mercilessly roll,
Crumbling in ruins Hope's grand monument.

MARIE

I came about the last of June,
On board the steamer Ocean Queen,
And landed in the heat of noon,
Amid a charming island scene.
No violet eyes all bathed in dew
Had watched me vanish from their sight;
No ruby lips breathed low, "Be true,"
No loving arms had clasped me tight.

I was heart-whole; I smoked and strolled
For hours adown the pebbly strand,
And wondered what the sea nymphs told,
And traced my name upon the sand;
At evening hops, and parties, too,
At musicales and moonlight sails,
I always had a part to do,
And won renown at telling tales.

I stood the siege of scores of eyes,
Eyes hazel, violet, black and gray,
And lips of richest cherry dyes,
And lent to slender waists a stay.
But yet my destiny was there,
And while I deemed myself secure,
Coquettish smiles and dusky hair
Had brought my heart a captive to her.

I came heart-whole, but when I went,
A dozen keepsakes, more or less,
Betrayed my heart's predicament,
That I myself could hardly guess.
There was a bow of baby blue,
That once had graced her slender throat;
It meant, she told me, "Ever true,"
And here's her first (to me) love-note.

Ah, many are the lances crossed
In summer by the ocean's side,
And some have won and some have lost,
Some curse the fates they vainly tried.
A victor now I'm homeward bound,
Across the heaving, restless sea;
As best of all my trophies found,
Let me present my wife, Marie.

CHRISTMAS FIRES

When bright Christmas fires are glowing
And the fields are white with snow,
Down beside the fair Penobscot
There comes back the long ago.
From Bohemia's gilded castles
Do I longing flee again
To the bygone dreams of boyhood
'Mid the pine-clad hills of Maine.

In the Northland by the river,
'Mong the vales of evergreen,
Santa Claus knew anxious children
Watched his coming on the scene.
In Aroostook found his deer-teams,
Ere the hunters had them slain;

Robed in bear-skins swift he drove them
Through the sleep-wrapped towns of Maine.

How we children watched the chimney,
Till our eyes closed fast in sleep;
How we waited, watched his coming,
But we never got a peep.
How we shouted in the morning
"Merry Christmas!" sweet refrain,
As we emptied all our stockings,
Filled by Santa Claus of Maine.

Oh, the joys and toys of Christmas
In that home of olden time!
By the great log fires a-glowing
I can hear the voices chime:—
Father's, mother's, sister's, brother's,
Reunited once again;
Oh, the turkey, pies and puddings,
Served on Christmas up in Maine.

EASTER DAY

Far o'er the land, in every clime,
Where fields with golden harvests glow,
Or earth lies mantled 'neath the snow,
Loud ring the bells in joyous chime;
While heartfelt anthems greet the dawn
Of this the gladsome Easter morn.

On land and sea, in wilderness,
On lonely isles where truth has reached,
Where'er the sacred Word is preached,
Glad hearts to-day pray God to bless;
While o'er the hills of time appears
The Easter of eternal years.

OCTOBER

The bell has tinkled! as the curtains rise
  How lightly dances in our autumn queen,
  Whose magic wand evokes a wondrous scene
To our applauding rapture and surprise.
She trips across the harvest-burdened land,
  And lo! the fields again are bare and brown!
  She lays aside the woodland's emerald crown,
While troops of lovely nymphs at her command
Bring forth gay robes of changeful, dazzling hue,
  Brown, russet, crimson shading into gold,
  Till all the orient scene has been unrolled,
And she, with laughing eyes, bows her adieu;
Then, gaily turning from outstretching hands
She flits away to brighten other lands.

* * * * * * *

October! Why do I this month adore?
  I'll tell thee, friend. The years have not been long,
  Nor have I yet forgot that husking song,
And full moon shining through the old barn door.
A merry throng laid bare the golden ears,
  While jest and laughter kept the night awake,
  And forfeits not a few we had to take;
But under all I bore a world of fears—
That night I meant to know! Was I to blame?
  I thought the time would never come to end,
  But when 'twas done, and home we 'gan to wend,
The fire hid in my heart broke into flame;
And though to her 'twas somewhat of a fright,
  She's been my wife for five Octobers bright.

THE HEART'S CONFESSION

Ne'er subject bowed before the royal throne
More proudly than do I acknowledge thee
Queen of my heart that ever hath been free
Till thy resistless love made it thine own.
Whether the splendor of thine eyes alone
Conjured the spell, or all thy charms combined,
Swaying at thy sweet will the unwilling mind,
Bound me in fetters I had never known,—
I cannot tell. But since that hour supreme,
My being's thrilled anew with nobler aim,
And passing fancies that we idly dream
Became, at thought of honoring thy name,
Grand aspirations whose bright glories seem
To light the pathway up the heights of fame.

SEPTEMBER

'Tis now we miss the blossoms of the spring,
The violets that dotted vale and hill,
The welcome notes of robin, clear and shrill,
The myriad beauties summer's fairies bring.

But yesterday the ploughman broke the sod,
And cast his seed, and dreamed of golden grain,
While fashion's circles gaily planned again,
For conquests new in sunny lands abroad.

Today those dreams are o'er, and almost through;
We turn the closing leaves with tenderness,
For there alike regret and happiness,
Commingled blot the page for me and you.

And so the season's cycles vanish by,
The seed-time, harvest and September sky.

GOLDEN OCTOBER

A HARVEST HOME

New England's fruitful hills and vales,
  Now basking 'neath September's skies,
  Seemed never decked in fairer guise,
Or fanned by gentler western gales.

Lo! through the great barns' spacious doors
  Sweet od'rous hay in massive mows;
  Without the orchards' bending boughs,
Deep laden with delicious stores.

And yonder, in quaint, rural dress,
  The jovial hands, with movements fleet,
  Bind up the yellow sheaves of wheat,
Rich emblems of our thriftiness.

The threshers' clattering machine
  Now wakes the country solitudes,
  While 'round about, in merry moods,
The neighbors gather on the scene.

Oh, merry days of harvesting
  The orchards' fruits and golden grains!
  O'er valleys, hills and Western plains
Thankgiving anthems joyous ring.

Ye benefactors of our race!
  Ye sun-browned tillers of the land!
  Each year, within thine iron hand,
The nation's weal or woe we trace.

In faith and hope your duty done
  Long months ago, the rest consigned
  To God, whose favors, wondrous kind,
Completed what ye had begun.

Benignly bend September skies
  Through all the days of harvest time!
  While moon and stars each eve do climb
Your hights to light fond lovers' eyes.

UNDER THE STARLIGHT

When the shadows of the evening
  Called the village folks from labor,
And the heavenly tapers twinkled
  While good neighbor talked with neighbor,
Up the street with maples shaded
  Came two figures slowly walking,
Happy in each other's presence,—
  Stars alone could hear them talking.

Wed are they; a little cottage,
  Trees and vines it half concealing,
Peeps out through its leafy arbors,
  Blissful glimpses half revealing;
On the steps two figures sitting
  Through the twilight hour so fleeting;
Hand in hand is fondly resting,
  Heart for heart is truly beating.

Time his snow has deeply sprinkled
  On that maiden's dusky tresses;
How devotion through life's journey
  Brings reward that richly blesses!
Bowed with age and worn and wrinkled,
  With their children gathered near them,
On the steps in Summer's twilight
  Stars still twinkle bright to hear them.

Evening shadows 'gain are falling,
  But those loving hearts are sleeping
In the still and silent valley
  Where the flowers are vigils keeping;
Sailing down life's mazy river,
  Through its shadow and its glory,
They are resting 'neath the starlight
  That has lighted all the story.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The last leaf now has fallen, and to-day
  Nations are grieving by thy resting place,
  As if an honored son of every race,
Endeared by valiant deeds, were laid away.
Dear Autocrat—o'er human hearts thy sway
  Was won by genius and consummate grace,
  By sparkling wit and sunshine of thy face,
Nor age could dull thy throbbing pulse of May.

That wondrous lyre is still....O Muses, weep!
  For all its tuneful strings are snapped in twain:
Ay, one by one, unto the Vale of Sleep,
  Our bards, upon the wings of sweet refrain,
Have passed before, that endless watch to keep,
  Till now, "the last leaf" falls—all meet again.

THE RUINED HOUSE

Beside a country road that slowly winds its narrow way
Adown and up the many hills, one sees this very day
An old, unpainted, ruined house, sad relic of days gone;
Yet there, beneath the blighting hand of time, it stands forlorn,
While the bleak winds of autumn whistle through the broken pane,
And loudly patters on the roof the ever-dreary rain.

But threescore years have passed since there, within the forest's shade,
A worthy couple came in sturdy strength alone arrayed.
Persistent labor won its due reward; a few brief years,
And 'mid the fields, where waves the golden grain, humbly uprears
The new and happy home, unfitted with our modern things,
Yet holding richer blessings than the palaces of kings.

Three daughters and two sons within the course of time thus blessed
The home and Peace in spotless robes was e'er their constant guest;
Near yonder path, so long untrod save by a stranger's feet,
These children played and grew in years within this fair retreat;
And there, where weeds and roses now in wild profusion grow,
Forget-me-nots and pinks and pansies used to gayly blow.

Beneath those elms, where once a gate gave entrance to the place
A lover oft looked down upon a maiden's upturned face,
While o'er them both the moonbeams shed a silvery sheen of glory,

And brightly twinkled little stars that heard the old, old story;
And as they looked away that night o'er life's calm, sleeping tide,
They only saw the moonlit ripples dancing far and wide.

They launched their boat; away they glided down the placid tide,
And vanished then, from parent's view, the lover and his bride.
Ambition called the other four afar from home and friends,
To fill positions honored much, and work out worthy ends.
The parents, bowed beneath the weight of years, found rest at last;
But here the picture blurs and fades away into the past.

The sounds of industry were hushed, and through the long, long year,
That house of yore so full of life, stood silent, dark and drear;
The seasons rapidly have come and gone in noiseless flight,
While with each visit faded fast the beautiful from sight.
No stranger entered through the gate, or crossed the threshold old,
And none can tell the memories that ruined house may hold.

Now desolation sadly marks that once delightful scene;
No more the children romp in sport about the velvet green!
No more with hopes for future years do manly hearts beat high;
No more do lovers breathe their vows beneath the starry sky.
No more! No more! At rest are they, while only what they did
Remains from mem'ry's dim abode to lift the heavy lid.

AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

Pure, spotless page, I pause and think
  Ere I have marred thy face,
What is the mystic golden link
  Assigning me this place?

My veins tell not of royal birth,
  Unskilled in art my pen;
No laurels won of wondrous worth—
  Why trace my name here, then?

I'm sure that all who chance to read
  My straggling autograph,
Will turn it o'er with little heed,
  Or, maybe, with a laugh.

Yet I care not, so long as she
  With eyes of heaven's own blue,
Will read the name fate gave to me
  And whisper, "I'll be true."

Oh, spotless page, 'tis that assigns
  My homely name to thee—
Within her heart, pray God, she finds
  As pure a place for me.

And if she does, I trust, by Grace,
  To linger there long after
This written line no one can trace
  Nor serve for others' laughter.

THE SINGER

The pews were filled with worshipers—a throng;
The preacher's topic "Love"— 'twas love divine,
Of course; but I could scarcely draw the line,
As from the singer's lips poured forth the song,
"Nearer to Thee!". . . . It may have been quite wrong
For me to whisper in my heart, "Amen!"
Ah, tedious seemed the sermon, till again
The music of that voice rose clear and strong,
So full of fervor, "I am Wholly Thine,"
In that same church (oh, who would dare to guess!)
One night in June, I heard that voice divine,
In answer to the preacher, murmur, "Yes."
He who had preached of "Love" proclaimed her mine,
As there she stood by me in bridal dress.

ON THE BRINK

Hear the clink!
Glasses, filled with ruddy wine,
Drained in toasts to love divine;
Pulses leap with kindled fire,
Youth has met a new desire;
Bacchus reigneth king!
Unto him they sing—
Hear the clink!

As they drink,
Honor bows his stately head,
Virtue with corruption's wed;
Men who write the Nation's laws,
Flattered by the world's applause,
Stand upon the brink,
While the glasses clink,
As they drink.

Hear the clink!
Passion's slaves are busy there,
Forging chains in Bacchus' lair;
Link on link is hammered out,
Measured by each maudlin shout;
Clink the glasses sound,
Clink the hammers bound,—
Drink—link—clink.

At the brink!
Yawns the awful gulf below,
Where the Stygian waters flow:
Blackness of eternal night
Hides the struggling souls from sight;
With her sable pall,
Death enshroudeth all
At the brink.

OLD YEAR, FAREWELL

Ah, what a throng has gathered here tonight
To witness once again
The old familiar play! In glittering light
Behold the actor! Then
To see him pass from mortal view
His arduous part well acted through.

What though sweet music trills her gayest airs,
A sadness somehow steals
Upon the scene; to every one it bears
A message that reveals
How much we love the hoary head
So soon to live but with the dead.

And we have seen him in such wondrous parts,
And always excellent.
How oft he's broken, healed, united hearts
As though omnipotent.
Aye, we have wept and laughed as one,
Since our acquaintance was begun.

Though loudly we applaud, till every wall
Echoes the warm encore,
He ne'er again will answer to the call
As in the days of yore.
Old Year, our hearts could better tell
Our sadness than this word—farewell.

Old friend, with all thy memories, good-by,
How can we part from thee?
Oh, through what scenes of joy and triumphs high
You've borne us valiantly!
And through what acts of bitter woe—
What loves we've buried 'neath the snow.

You've been with us when solemn rites were paid
And tender hopes seemed blighted;
When honors at our feet were thickly laid,
And thousands gazed delighted.
So, then, let's mingle joyous cheers
And broken sighs and burning tears.

The bell is tinkling, lifts the curtain now,
And forth with stately mien
He comes, a jeweled crown upon his brow,
Befitting well the scene.
Each look upon that time-worn face,
Each gesture, speaks exquisite grace.

The final act! Were ever hours so fleet?
He whispers the last line
Just as the midnight bells a requiem beat.
Lo! with a smile divine
Over the features cold and proud
New Year has softly spread the shroud.

ONE EVENING

The silver shining moon one night,
  Smiled down out of a starry sky
Upon two figures, half in light
  And half in shade of elm trees high.

Upon the rustic bridge they stand,
  With elbows resting on the rail.
One clasps in his the other's hand,
  The other's face turns slightly pale.

"Ah, yes, tomorrow I must go."
  "So soon? I thought you'd three weeks more."
"If you wish, then, it shall be so!"
  " 'Twould please us all if it were four."

"If you were all, and I were aught
  To you—a little more than friend—
Ah, then I'd bless my happy lot
  And make my stay without an end."

"All things must end—you'd weary here—
  You'll soon forget in business care
That we——" One drew the other near,
  While moonlight lit a face most fair.

"Two months ago, on yonder beach,
I met the fairest woman known
To my poor heart, and she did teach
Me then to love her as my own.

"And here I ask, this starry night,
The right to ever call you mine!"
"Oh, sir, you have surprised me quite,
Our meetings here have been divine;

But when you speak of marriage, sir,
Why, Willie would be awful mad!"
"Your husband, eh, I would infer?
And—what would Phoebe say, egad?"

THE EDITOR TO THE POET

Dear poet, your lines I must beg to decline;
They are splendidly written, the thought is divine;
They remind me of Longfellow when in his prime;
You've worked out the rules as to rhythm and rhyme;
But Tennyson, Holmes and Whittier, too,
Belong to the past; we must have something new,
That appeals to the heart, like a sad "Tale of Woe,"
By our Field—he's a poet o' first water, you know.

But Riley! ah, Riley! his dialect's the style;
Sort of worked up off-hand, with the saw and the file;
No meter, no rhythm, but strange how it takes!
The fame it has brought him, the money he makes;
Of course it is stuff, but it's quite all the rage;
So he sells it to papers by column or page.
You see, my dear poet, to let your light shine,
You should saw off some verses like old "Brandywine."

Then Stanton of Georgia is reeling off tunes
'Bout "dose water millions" and fresh picayunes;
The last of the lot is his "Lost at the Ball,"
Preferred by our readers to Tenn's Locksley Hall;
Why, Browning and Whitman, if writing today,
Our Stanton'd decline as most surely passe;
So he writes what he knows that the public expects,
And fills up his paper with rare dialects.

The Yankees love slang, and a Yankee is Foss,
And his poems of the farm all the farmers endorse;
Since Carleton won fame with his "Betsy and I"
The poets have given farm ballads a try;
The compos all rave when such copy appears,
And tired proofreaders get up on their ears;
But then it sells papers, and that's quite enough;
Dear poet, there's money in writing such stuff.

THE STORM

I love the storm, the war of wind and rain,
  That sweeps majestically 'thwart the sky,
  While shelter-ward all living creatures fly;
Unto my heart the tempest's mad refrain
Seems music passing sweet; upon the main,
  Upon the land the storm-king's steeds rush by;
  Mountains of darkness tower far on high,
While zig-zag lightnings cleave their peaks in twain,
And chaos, black with terror, yawns before.

Yet up above the storm, Divinity,
  Enthroned upon that peace-enchanted shore,
Smiles down, and lo! the storm's battalions flee;
  "Be still!" the clash of elements is o'er,
As when He calmed the waves of Galilee.

ONLY HER COUSIN

"Yes, cool September's really here;
I feel new life in every vein;
I go with but a single fear—
Lest we shall never meet again."

Bewitchingly those violet eyes
Their lashes drooped beneath his gaze;
She whispered, "Under these same skies,
One year from now, these same bright days."

Unnoticed 'mid the jostling throng
The final words were softly said;
"If life is spared—and yet how long!"
He murmured, "We may both be dead.

"Forgive such thoughts; too sad it seems
That friendship's ties, so incomplete,
Must end—may end in summer dreams;
It can not be we ne'er shall meet!"

"Grieve not this final hour! Adieu!
Throughout the coming dreary year
My thoughts will backward turn to you.
The boat is whistling at the pier."

"Good-by, dear Mabel; fare you well;
I would be left to linger more;
What's yet unsaid we then can tell;
Adieu! They're pushing from the shore!"

* * * * * * *

"Now, Mabel!" said a voice most stern,
"Engaged to me a month, and you

Are flirting as of yore, I learn."
"Why, Dick! you know I have been true."

"Who is this handsome stranger, then?
And why this chat upon the wharf?"
"Why, he—he was—my cousin Ben,
And I—came down to see him off!"

MOUNT DESERT

Was it the phantom of a dream—
A flash of fancy's fitful gleam,
Or did I with these wakeful eyes
See angels bending from the skies,
And lifting up the veil of mist
From yon gray peak the sunrise kissed?
Or were they nymphs of rosy morn
Who bade the shades of night begone?

Is not this isle upon our lee
Some vision of a tropic sea?
While darkness walked the restless tide,
Had not our vessel drifted wide,
Till morning through her opening door
Displayed this fair Elysian shore,
An ocean gem, rock-bound, sea-girt,
That spot renowned as Mount Desert?

O mountain, grandly old and gray!
These gales that 'round thee hoarsely play
For ages have been thine alone;
Thy hidden caverns only known
To beast and red man's stealthy tread;
Here in the green seas' shell-lined bed
How long thou slept, till at thy feet
The heart of Eden panting beat.

Sweet Pleasure breathes through spruce and pine;
Come, stranger, come, this realm is mine!
Come where the sea-gull swiftly flies,
Come dream 'neath India's gorgeous skies!
Waves never whispered half so sweet,
Nor merry hours so passing fleet;
Days come and go all summer long
Like echoes of some wondrous song.

BASTIGAN BROOK

Were ever up in northern Maine?
There winds a road to Calais town;
A friendly guide you need retain—
You'd best inquire for William Brown.
He knows the woods from road to lake,
Where yards the deer or hides the trout—
Can lure the partridge from the brake,
Or pull the lively salmon out.

A jolly fellow's Brown! His guest
Can find no better! Square—no blow—
He's knocked around, has herded West,
Is "honest Injun" top to toe.
Where is his farm? On yonder hill,
The finest in the Carroll range;
Why, every farmer 'bout Lakeville
Can point out Brown's this side the grange.

Dropped in on Brown one day in June,
And kissed his wife—we're cousins, see?
"You're right in time for grub—it's noon;
Fall in around the board," said he.
At this command each seized a chair,
While jokes and stories reigned supreme;
We trained like kids at county fair,
And Brown—he was a two-horse team.

"Suppose we try Bastigan Brook?"
  Said Brown. "Can you endure the tramp?"
He asked me, with a quizzing look;
  "If legs should fail you, we can camp."
"Agreed!" I laughed. He did not know
  That once a rougher road I trod—
A road that led to Jericho—
  But then I had no fishing rod.

Well said. Next morn, at rise of sun,
  Equipped with lunch and lines and bait,
We steered for where the brook begun,
  Drawn by Brown's mare of nimble gait.
We rode as far as Jones' farm,
  There left our rig and sallied out,
To seek the brook—that sylvan charm—
  That held for us the speckled trout.

We filed along a logging road,
  And reached a lumber camp at last—
In winter time the rude abode
  Of hardy men whose lives are passed
In toil among those solitudes.
  Right welcome is the stranger there,
Where discontentment seldom broods,
  While aught they have they gladly share.

But lonesome was the camp that day;
  A solitary porcupine
We startled from his rest; away
  We turned, through bush and tangled vine,
And hastened on, until the brook,
  'Mid forest, winding in and out,
Before us lay, then cast the hook,
  And caught the finest speckled trout.

But flies, mosquitoes! Why, the air
Was black—they covered every spot—
Hands, face and neck, wherever bare,
Till Brown observed, " 'Tis pretty hot!"
(The cuss-word here I'll not repeat.)
Lo! dangling from uplifted hook,
A mammoth trout dropped at his feet,
Then, swish! into Bastigan Brook.

So, on for miles, we fished and tramped,
Till Brown remarked, "We have enough
For breakfast, sure" and then he camped,
Pulled out the lunch and said: "You're tough."
In spite of flies, we ate and laughed,
Then gathered up our traps and trout;
A drink from Bastigan we quaffed,
And wearily we plodded out.

But home at last! The sun just down;
Then bed—such sleep! till breakfast call.
The feast was spread. "It's done up Brown!"
I laughed. "But you can't have it all,"
Said Brown, as 'gain he passed the dish.
We joked, we ate, we praised the cook.
Friend, would you take that tramp for fish?
For trout? Then try Bastigan Brook.

EAGLE LIGHT

Midst the blossomless meadows of ocean,
  The broad, trackless prairie of green,
Where the wavelets are cradled by zephyrs,
  And sea-nymphs dance over the scene,
    An island peeps up from the deep,
    Aroused from its mystical sleep;—
And off in the shadowy distance,
  For many an unmeasured mile,
The sailor boy eagerly watches
  The light on this magical isle.

Through the vistas of years all unnumbered,
  While the mermaids have chanted their psalm,
And the tempests have raged or have slumbered,—
  Through long, languid summers of calm,—
    When glittering tapers of night,
    From yonder bewildering height,
Emblazon the halls of old ocean,
  Or shrink from the storm-clouds in flight,—
Ever gleams, amid calm or commotion,
  A fixed, warning star,—Eagle Light.

ON, FRATERNAL SOLDIERS

On, fraternal soldiers!
  Bear your banners high;
In the name of loved ones,
  "Forward!" be the cry.
Toilsome though our journey,
  Struggle to the end;
Muster in the army
  Stranger, neighbor, friend.

Death is on our footsteps,
  He will vanquish all;
Hark! the direful summons,
  When our brothers fall.
Peace attend the dying,
  Comfort the distressed;
Our fraternal army
  Cares for the oppressed.

Youthful dreams of riches
  Long since had their day;
Sickness and misfortune
  Met us on the way.
"Home, sweet home" 's the castle
  We must fight to keep;
Sound the stirring bugle,
  Rouse the boys from sleep.

Pass along the watchword!
  Shout the glad refrain!
Marching up from Georgia
  'Mong the hills of Maine.
Spread the joyful tidings
  Way across the land,
From Atlantic westward,
  Till our country's spanned.

EAGLE LIGHT

CHIDE HER NOT

What! she's dead?
Still and cold in death's embrace,
Bloom of youth upon her face;
Innocence reposing there
Circled by the loosened hair,
While the water drips
From her parted lips—
Is she dead?

Sad, indeed!
Why repeat the story old,
Tempted by a villain bold?
Home forsaken, love betrayed,
From the path of virtue strayed;
Through the gates of sin
Swiftly entered in—
Mad, indeed!

Son of man—
Monster of humanity!
Dost thou from this ruin flee?
Reckon thou the awful cost
Of a soul forever lost?
Trembling by her tomb
Contemplate thy doom—
Heaven's ban!

Chide her not!
Lay her where the grasses wave,
In her silent nameless grave;
Leave her there in death's embrace,
Bloom of youth upon her face;
Shield her mother's name
From the breath of shame—
Chide her not!

THE SHIP FRATERNITY

As when the Mayflower turned her prow
  Away from England's royal shore,
To seek some land where all might bow,
  Before the God they did adore;
So sailed the ship Fraternity
  Far out upon the vast unknown;
Through raging seas right valiantly
  She plowed her onward course alone.

"Come back! come back!" loud rang the cry,
  But heeded not that gallant crew;
They pointed to the pennon high—
  "Unto our faith we shall be true!"
"Lost! Lost!" the head-lines of the press;
  Life-saving guards patrolled the shore,
To wait the signal of distress,
  Amid the tempest's deafening roar.

No signal gun invoked their aid,
  No wreckage drifted to the strand;
No forms in death's cold garb arrayed,
  And wonder spread throughout the land.
Years rolled away, while ships set sail—
  Some never yet have gained their goal,
But 'mid the billows and the gale
  Went down, nor saved a single soul.

Night shadows flee, the morning breaks,
  The East flames bright with crimson light;
Old ocean, smooth as mountain lakes,
  Bears on her bosom in full sight
A bark with every sail widespread,
  Deep-freighted with humanity;
Triumphal flags from each mast-head
  Proclaim the ship Fraternity.

A PHANTOM

Ay, from the cradle even to the grave,
A phantom follows every human track;
Although unseen it stalketh at our back,
And thrills with fear when we most need be brave.

It comes when brightest castles crumbling fall,
At tender parting hours when lovers weep;
When youth awakes on manhood's dizzy steep,
And from the homestead goes at fortune's call.

'Tis with us always, and its dreaded name
The last sad word that friend e'er speaks to friend,
Of all that was, or is, the very end—
The shroud that wraps affection, wealth and fame:

Upon us from the cradle rests the spell,
The presence of that phantom dread—Farewell.

THE LOVERS' LEAP

A Legend

It is down mid the forests of Maine,
Where Kenduskeag still flows thro' the hills,
From the days when the Indian held reign,
Whence cometh this legend that thrills
The listener's heart. Long ago,
When the settler first paddled this stream,
Long 'ere the wide woods were laid low,
Or the red man awoke from his dreams;

Up circled the smoke to the sky
From a wigwam where dwelt Raven Hair;
Not a brave of the tribe but would die
For the sake of this maiden most fair,—
For the love of the chief's only child;
Though twenty brief summers had flown,
On none of the band had she smiled,
But to all her young heart was as stone.

The chieftain oft grieved as he thought
Of his daughter so cold and so proud,
And entreated to better her lot,—
Yield her heart and her hand to White Cloud;
But sadly she bowed the fair head,
And firmly she answered him "nay";
For "another she'd promised," she said,
And she turned from her father away.

"My daughter, what stranger has won
The pride of thy father's brave band?"
Proud the answer—"The settler—the son
Of the paleface—the brave Iron Hand."
The fierce warriors stole forth on that night
To the vale where the villagers lay,—
But swifter than they in her flight
Raven Hair thro' the wood sped away.

At his post her young lover she found,
In a breath all their danger she told;
About her his strong arms he wound,
And kissed the fair cheeks strangely cold:—
"Iron Hand, for thy life thou must flee,
There is war 'tween the red and the white;
So risk not thy welfare for me—
Forsake Raven Hair this sad night."

"Forsake thee, my own!" and his breath
Fell hot on the dusky maid's cheek,
"Not in life—but united in death,"
His husky voice choked nor could speak.
"By death we escape the dire hate
Of thy father and scorn of the white;
Yonder stream cannot tell of our fate,
Shall we go to the hunting-grounds bright?"

In answer her hand pressed his own,
Together they sped toward the stream,
Till they stood on the cliff high and lone,
Like a phantom—a vision—a dream;
But a moment two shadows as one
Were darkly outlined on the sky,
Then a leap through the air—it was done;
'Twas the depth of their love e'en to die.

AT MIDNIGHT

At midnight, when the stars were bright,
And silence wrapped the earth,
An angel from the realms of light
Brought tidings of a birth.
The mother clasped her baby-boy,
And at the break of dawn
Celestial hosts proclaimed their joy,
"Behold! a child is born!"

'Twas Easter, and the lilies smiled
As centuries ago;
They seemed to chant, "Thus undefiled
Through life thy babe shall go."
The Muses too a garland wove
About the silken hair,

Of brightest buds of hope and love
That he should ever wear.

A memory of blissful dream,
Of walks on summer days,
Through fragrant grove, by singing stream,
Along the country ways.
How baby's eyes of peerless blue
In wonder watched the sky,
Or marked the birds that silent flew,
Or brook that rippled by.

At midnight, angels gathered by
The pearly gates of rest,
And welcomed home to courts on high
Our babe among the blest.
O mother, lift thy weeping eyes!
As on that Easter morn,
The joyful song fills Paradise,
"Behold! a child is born!"

LOVE

When one is worn and weary, and does sink
Beneath his heavy burdens; when the brain
Is tired of all its constant aching pain,
Whose lot so poor but that, upon the brink
Of Time, where fancy's moonlight floods the tide,
He can forget what hand and mind have wrought,
And feel the heart to pulsate with one thought
That paints a figure by the dreamer's side:—
Behold a heaven-lit face, mild, beaming eyes,
A Venus form, endowed with god-like grace,
That nestles trustingly in Love's embrace,
And lips half-parted with their fond replies!
Ah, Fame is but a hollow, empty thing
When Love o'er such a kingdom crowns one king!

SAM TO THE GENERAL

The General, meeting one of the boys who fought with him in the Rebellion, and requesting his vote at the next election, received the following reply:

"Yes, gin'ral, once I'd see you through,
I'd given this poor leg that I
Have limped on twenty years—this too
Without a whimper or a cry;
I backed ye then through thick and thin,
And proudly followed where you led,
And it was glorious to win
For that old flag right overhead.

"Not one in that whole regiment
But honored ye; and dark times those—
Those years of carnage we there spent,
And how ye can forget—God knows!
And, gin'ral, how ye've turned around,
And over rebels take command—
Who shot our boys—I'll—I'll be bound
Is something I can't understand.

"We've gone so far through peace and war,
We both have helped uphold the flag,
And never will I gee nor haw
Out of these tracks; it sounds like brag
I know; but, gin'ral, we must part
Right here, your way's no longer mine,
So I'll keep on as at the start
When you led on our gallant line.

"But when you bring the traitors on,
And meet our boys square face to face,

Yer'll think of those war-days by-gone,
And wish yer had the same old place;
Yer arm will palsy at yer side,
When you must order 'shoot them down!'
Yer heart will fail yer when you ride
On Sergeant Smith and neighbor Brown.

"Yer grand old record on the field
Yer own hand smutched with treason's shame;
You know our watch-word—'die or yield'—
And all our boys are always game;
Am sorry, gin'ral, it is so,—
My vote still goes for that old flag;
I've one leg left, and that might go
With tother—I don't say 't to brag."

INNOCENCE

In this uncertain age, when conscience fails
To spur men's hearts aright, and they who long
Have worn the wreaths of truth, guiltless of wrong,
Put off the robes of purity, assails
Me then, dark skepticism in her cloak
Of sombre doubt, and over manhood's dust
I cry aloud, "O God, whom can we trust!"
On my benighted heart a radiance broke,
As if the Holy One had heard my cry:—
Before me stood a child, with laughing eyes
That borrowed seemed from summer's azure skies,
And cheeks where roses bloom perpetually—
Childhood and innocence revealed in one,
My sunny-haired, my blue-eyed Marion.

A MOTHER'S BURDEN

Faded is the bloom, they tell me,
That once tinged my cheek so fair;
Ah! but little would they wonder,
Knew they what a cross I bear.—
In my home an empty cradle,
In my heart a sacred place;
Sacred to my angel baby—
Baby's eyes and winsome grace.

Down beside the old Penobscot
Sleeps the idol of our life,
While the music of its waters
Gently stills the inward strife.
Peace descends on heavenly pinions,
Whispering words that thrill with joy,
"Blessed are the little children,"—
Blessed, then, our darling boy!

As we mourn above the ashes
Resting in this hallowed ground,
Through the bitter, burning tear-drops,
Is the bow of promise found.
We behold him now transfigured
In Elysian realms above,
Singing with the white-robed chorus
Of his sorrowing mother's love.

By-and-by will come the summons
Calling me beyond the tide,
Just beyond the mystic river,
To the mansions glorified;
Then these years will be forgotten
In the years of endless bliss,—
In the rapture of the meeting,
In my baby's welcome kiss.

IN MEMORIAM

F. A. P.

O muse, if ne'er again thou'lt deign inspire
  My verse, stay now I pray this faltering pen,
Endow these numbers with thy mystic fire,
  That they may honor him, a prince of men.

As if great Jove, with his unerring hand,
  Straight from a cloudless sky had hurled his dart,
So came the startling news across the land
  That death had stilled my friend's warm generous heart.

Methought of her who bears his unstained name,
  His home's bright altar, idol of his life—
O Jove, behold! thy deadly bolt of flame
  Consigns to living death a loving wife.

Thus friendship, love, ambition's brightest dream
  At death's remorseless touch in ruins fall;
So on we drift down life's fair winding stream
  Compelled to yield our all at Charon's call.

But yesterday, it seems, at Learning's shrine,
  As suppliants we humbly bent the knee,
Interpreted her fables line by line,
  Or pondered long o'er some dark mystery.

O happy were those by-gone school-boy years,
  Before gay youth knew aught of cankering care,
Ere sorrow had dried up her fount of tears,
  When hearts were light and joy reigned everywhere.

Fair Exeter, my thoughts flow on from thee
  Where first our ties of friendship 'gan to blend,
Unto the Valley of Yosemite
  For there the story of his life must end.

How all the world seemed lying just before!
  How full of promise was the path he trod!
Let us lift up our hearts, for evermore
  He rests within the spirit-land of God.

A MEMORY

I would unclasp thy mystic lids to-day,
  O wondrous book of Memory!
And here, where it can never fade away,
  Will I enshrine most tenderly
    A joy, so radiantly bright,
    It seems a fickle dream of night.

In fadeless colors I would paint the hour,
  So that, when many years have flown,
And I am weary of life's pomp and power,
  I can recall this joy alone,
    And then forget in fancy's play
    All save the mem'ry of to-day.

How many leaves in life's romantic book
  Are darkly blurred with vain regret!
How few the leaves on which we fondly look
  Where by-gone glories linger yet!
    Where all of earth and all above
    Seem whispering of a true, true love.

THE FASHIONABLE FLIRT

She comes by boat, she comes by rail,
  Her hair is black as raven's wing,
Her cheeks are dainty pink and pale,
  And she's a slender, fragile thing.
Observe that languid, heavenly air!—
  Sort of "I need thee ev'ry hour,"
Or "I'll soon climb the golden stair,"
  Or "cherish, love, this faded flower."

She talks—she talks—she talks you blind
  About the countless loves she's had,
Of midnight parties deeply wined,
  And how her lot in life is sad:
"Such darlings of engagement rings,
  Such letters from dear Parson Hi,
Brimful of tender, loving things—
  His wife don't know, or she would fly.

"This morning Ned took me to row,
  This noon we dined at the "West End;"
Then Dick is just the finest beau;
  And such bouquets as they do send!
But, Hal, I really care for you,
  Although your wife I cannot be;
For, don't you see, it would not do—
  You're poor—to think of marrying me.

"But I can love you just the same;
  For you I'll think, and weep, and pray;
But marriage is a money game,
  And I must please my Auntie May.
I'll write you every day or two;
  And now, dear Hal, don't feel so hurt—
We can't be one, yet I'll be true,
  Although I've been an awful flirt."

THE NEWSBOY

Journalism rules the world today,
  Nations read sensations of the hour;
Extras tell it all from grave to gay,
  Governments are bound within its power,
But the force that moves the press
Is the newsboy numberless.

Long before we scan the printed page,
  Newboys' cries have let the secret out;
Hustling, shouting, climbing car and stage,
  Blocking pathways, gathering all about,
Till we're fiercely stirred to know
If these things are really so.

"All about the murder!" was the cry:
  Then a tiny humpbacked form I saw.
"Murder! Where my lad? Is it a guy?"
  "Texas Bill was shot in Arkansas!"
Laughed the imp in merry glee—
Buy a paper, then you'll see!"

"All about the robbery! Paper, sir?
  Robbery at City Hall! Sun and Post!"
"Ah, my boy, you're making quite a stir.
  Is it true? Which paper has the most?"
"Sun for two cents, Post for one—
Three cents tell you how 'twas done!"

"Read about the earthquake!" rent the air—
  Morning when our local news was slim;
Busy newsboys roused a general scare,
  'Mong them on his crutch poor cripple Jim.
"Earthquake! Where?" said I in doubt.
"Read the Sun and find it out!"

"All about the terrible suicide!"
"How he hung himself!" How papers sold!
Lo! at foot of thirteenth page inside
Was the startling story briefly told:
Hardly worth two cents to know
'Twas a thief in Mexico.

APRIL

We greet you, April, lightly tripping in,
And list while you in silvery tones recite
Your prologue, rosy from your rapid flight,
Foretelling scenes that shall forthwith begin.
The budding violet you gently hold
In your fair-moulded hand, and your warm breath
Awakes to life from its most seeming death
The dandelion with its crown of gold.

The mayflower opes its half-closed, drowsy eyes,
And breaks in smiles to see your lovely face;
Across the stage you flit with airy grace,
While o'er you falls the sunshine of the skies;
You came o'er snowy hills and ice-bound streams,
And lead us to the Paradise of Dreams.

"HAD I BUT KNOWN"

A woman fair as eastern houries are,
  A man of lordly mien,
In social circles she a reigning star,
  And he but seldom seen,
Under the parlor gas-jet's glow
Most solemn words have uttered low:

"Miss Clairmont, our engagement of a year
  You wish to end to-night;
These sacred ties you rend without a tear
  And hurl me from the height;
Thy hand that held my future's crown
Now tears love's tattered ensign down.

"O were my coffers not so poorly stored,
  My future better known!
O were I not in fashion's halls ignored,
  You would become my own!
For her, my queen, cast from her throne,
I weep, not for this self alone.

"The love disdained—returned—I give to fame,
  I thank thee for the gift;
Vain fashion some day shall revere my name
  When time's gray curtains lift;
Then thou shalt feel what thou hast lost,
Shalt feel my pangs and count the lost.

"A word now sets you from my bondage free,
  May others deal with you
With greater mercy than you've dealt with me:—
  So for this life—adieu!"
One moment paused he at the door,
One look, then gone forevermore.

* * * * * *

The years have flown, and where is she to-day
  Who once was fashion's queen?
Ask that besotted wretch beside the way,
  Whose fortune's hollow sheen
Now gilds a ruined tenement:
And she—his wife—does she repent?

Over a costly volume oft she dreams
  Of him who penned its lines;
Ah, then she feels what she had lost, it seems,
  A name that world-wide shines;
And oft she cries in heart-wrung tone—
"Had I but known! had I but known!"

GOOD-BY

Again we've said good-by—only two friends,
  As friendship goes; some merry hours we've spent
In converse, and abruptly now it ends
  In memories with wit and wisdom blent.
I'd call her more than friend, but it were vain;
  The last time, maybe, we've stood face to face,—
A mutual thought, for lo! a shade of pain
  Suffused her lustrous eyes, and I could trace
A tremor 'bout the clear-cut lips; and when
  Her hand a moment brief reposed in mine,
I felt that stronger ties than friendship then
  Around us had begun to intertwine.
So oft o'er what might be we simply sigh,
  Close up our hearts, and calmly say "Good-by."

THE NEW STAR

"Ah, there she comes! Yes, rather tall;
  As big as saucers are her eyes;
She's entering through this half-filled hall—
  Just hear the people criticise!
'Tis eight; she will at once appear,
  This is the 'program'—tragic too!
'Sandalphon' for this audience here,—
  Why we shall die before she's through.

"These stage-struck, gifted, country girls,
  Who register 'from Boston town;'
Whose art is all in flying curls,
  Have but to bow and win renown.
Poor 'Marie Stuart!' could she know
  How oft her tragic life is told,
Would rend her wintry shroud of snow
  And quell these stars in tones of old.

"Do hear selection Number One!
  How coarse and masculine the tone;
Her 'cultured voice' is quite a pun!
  Professor E. says 'that alone
Her wondrous talent must decide,'
  (Not to her credit I'll allow),—
'Maclaine' and all the rest have died—
  She's ready for the bouquets now!

"She calls it 'mental food' you know;
  She caters 'to philosophers';
They so detest a 'humorous show'—
  'To scholars and the ministers,'—
Because they never dare to smile;
  And hence 'twere wicked, gross and wrong,

With hearty laughter to beguile
An hour that's been so wretched long.

"She will not 'stoop to conquer'—no!
She will not read one humorous line,
Nor 'deign to reach by means so low,'—
In frigid glory she must shine.
A Janausheck, an Anderson,
Her towering ideals great and grand;
Hence name immortal must be won
Through daggers and a bloody hand!"

I PLEDGE TO THEE FOREVER

(Song.)

"When evening stars are merry twinkling,
And all the world has gone to rest,
Beside the breaking waves I wander
With her, the maiden I love best.
While billows roll, fond vows we're plighting;
So, hand in hand, 'neath starry skies,
In silent glory, I told my story
And pledged a love that never dies.

"When yonder stars shall cease to twinkle,"
Came low her answer in tender tone,
"When ocean's waves no more are breaking—"
Her eyes with love's deep passion shone.
"Till then my vows will live unbroken,
I pledge forever my love for you;
Till yonder stars shall cease to twinkle,
I pledge forever I will be true."

I pledge to thee forever,
That I will love thee ever!
My heart shall e'er be thine
While evening stars shall shine.
Ah, death alone can sever,
This pledge I make forever—
While evening stars shall shine
My heart is wholly thine.

A SYLVAN SCENE

October days were drawing near,
Like glimpses of a fairy land;
The brightest days in all the year,
The harvest time from strand to strand.
One afternoon, afar from town,
Through woods bespangled gold and red,
One looking off, the other down,
Two figures strolled with careless tread.

"How like a scene from Paradise!"
The maiden murmured dreamily:
"O'erhead, the cloud-flecked azure sky—"
"Beneath," he finished, "you and I,"
Ah, merrily she laughed: "Now, Will,
You've spoiled the figure of my speech!"
"Not all is lost; methinks that still
The figure stands within my reach."

"Why, Will, you've made a paradox
Of figures." "And a Paradise
Of life," said Will, "for when one talks
Of pictures, where the woods and skies
Make up the whole; where ne'er was seen
That fairest type of human kind,
The Southland's graceful maid, I ween
That such a man is strangely blind.

"Viola, though I've not expressed,
Since we have met, one-half I've thought,
The truth you surely must have guessed."
Still looking down, she answered not.
He drew her close, "Viola, mine,
You'll not o'erthrow my dream of bliss?"
Than whispered word far more divine
The red lips' answer was a kiss.

AT THE GRAVE

Where the hillside meets the waters
Dashing o'er the hidden rocks,
How the mellow, rippling music
Yon sad mourner's sorrow mocks;
There where oriental odors
Freight the languid summer air,
There beside the singing river,
Bows a figure young and fair.

Sweet this spot, this realm so silent,
Mounded hamlet of the dead;
Pine and spruce and graceful hemlock
Spread protecting arms o'erhead,
Offering up their mingled fragrance
Like rare incense to the sky,
Laying 'round a veil of shadow
O'er the figure kneeling by.

Were it miscalled Desolation,
Spot whose robe of living green
Bitter, heart-wrung tears have watered,
Where each slab tells some sad scene?

See! upon the mound the mourner
  Wrapped in sable raiment kneels,
And a hand that's decked with jewels
  Wipes the tear that downward steals.

Warmly fell the July sunlight
  On a face of fairest mould,
Till her tears were liquid diamonds
  And her hair bright threads of gold;
Yet no less unmoved, unconscious,
  Was her heart than yon white stone,—
Felt no more surrounding beauties
  Than the form whose life had flown.

* * * * * *

We may dwell in marble palace,
  Or in Labor's humblest cot;
Fame may fling to us her baubles,
  Or we live unknown, unsought;
How these vanities do mock us
  When we bow beside the mound,
And the all of life is hidden
  In that emerald-covered ground.

A TRIBUTE TO GRANT

When treason born in Southern ambuscades,
  In darkness grew a thing of monstrous size,
And on the North had fixed its hideous eyes,
  Coiling its deadly folds in Richmond's glades,
Columbia shrank in nameless, fearful, dread,
  Crying for aid; a host of valiant men,
In arms displayed their patriotism then,
  And unto victory by Grant were led.
The years sped on; that hero stood again,
  With iron courage as in days of yore,
Face to a foe more deadly than before,—
  More to be feared than ranks of hostile men;
But strove in vain, the Union's brave defender,—
  Death's call was, "unconditional surrender."

HAPPINESS

The secret of true happiness in living
  Is not in hoarding dollars, but in giving.
God save the millionaire, his turkey carving,
  While thousands of his fellow men are starving.

God save the woman, silks and diamonds wearing,
  While thousands of her sisters are despairing;
Oppression still fills all the land with sorrow,
  But wealth and poverty change place to-morrow.

So on the stage of life the scenes are shifting,
  For some the dawn is breaking, clouds are lifting.
Christ's golden rule shall surely win compliance
  Till all the nations join in one alliance.

HER LETTER

Dear Dellie: forgive my neglect,
  Though my letters to you have been few;
Don't let it impair your respect
  For a friend who's been faithful to you;
The cause I will try to explain,
  And when its details you have heard,
I know you will gladly refrain
  From speaking a single hard word.

We have met at Bar Harbor again,—
  Fair city beside the wide sea!
He is truly a king among men,
  And oh! so attentive to me;
Our belles have tried ev'ry device
  To break his inconquerable heart,
But I am now throwing the dice,
  And hurling bright Cupid's winged dart.

My papa's estates have run low,
  And are heavily mortgaged beside;
So I hardly will dare to say "no"
  When he asks me to be his own bride,—
Our residence too will be grand,
  For they say he has treasures of gold
For which I surrender my hand,
  But my heart will never be sold.

You may think that I've strangely grown cold,
  Yet I'll never forget one pale face—
Those features of exquisite mould,
  And form of such dignified grace.
His genius will some day win fame,
  That he loved me he'll some day forget;
But time cannot smother the flame
  That glows in my heart for him yet.

DELLIE MEETS LUCRETIA

"Lucretia, my dear, is it you?
Returned from Bar Harbor at last!
Was that letter you wrote me quite true?
Come tell me the whole that has passed:
The roses still bloom on your cheek,
Though little I thought they'd be there—
Now, Cretia, don't laugh at me,—speak!
And show me the ring that you wear."

"Here Dellie, 's the ring; 'twill explain
The silence of months that are gone—
The dread, and the heart-breaking pain—
The darkness preceding the dawn.
You wonder why I am so gay,
Betrothed to a man whom I hate,
When love might have brightened the way
And saved me this terrible fate.

"The letter I wrote you was so,
For when I'd refused poor dear John
'Cause his station in life was too low,
The joy of my future was gone.
Kind fortune lent papa her aid,
The estates we can still call our own;
So—I had no occasion to trade
My hand for his treasures alone."

"Why, Cre! do you mean that this beau,
Of such wonderful sea-side renown,
Was answered by you with a 'no'
When you might have reigned queen of the town?
Then whose is this glittering ring?"
"Dear Del, for the rest of my life
The old story of love I shall sing,—
I'm now—my own John's promised wife."

MY DOG KING

I found one night, returning late,
A poor starved thing crouched at my gate,
A creature cursed and cuffed by Fate,
At my gate.
Compassion, or—at any rate,
Some feeling kindlier than hate,
Gave shelter and the food he ate—
Ah, not hate!

Long years ago! that homeless thing
Has shared my home; I call him King,
And tender memories still cling
Round my King.
Of grander themes let others sing,
But nothing can to conscience bring
The peace of aiding some poor thing
As was King.

Small deeds of mercy surely pay;
Bright cobble stones that pave the way
To portals of that "brighter day,"—
Pave the way.
King's gratitude he shows each day;
He licks my hand and seems to say,
"I'll love thee, master, while I stay,—
While I stay."

These years he's guarded yonder door,
And will, we hope, for many more,
Within the sunlight streaming o'er
At the door.
King's eyes, so lustrous bright of yore,
Have dimmed with age, and that dark shore

Dividing us, lies just before,—
Just before.

I'm old and gray; you understand,
My dumb friend King, and kiss my hand,
As by your side I feebly stand,—
Master's hand.
Some day, old fellow, from the land
These summer zephyrs will have fanned
My spirit over—understand?—
From the land.

Your eyes with sadness seem to fill!
Alone here in the sunshine still,
You'll wait my coming up the hill,
From the mill.
You'll never see me come until—
Ah, well! no master ever will
The place I leave exactly fill—
Vacant still!

L of C.

IN DE DREAMLAND

A Pickaninny Lullaby.

Away to bed, yo' sleepy head,
  Pickaninny's big black eyes am closin';
Ma's curly head—away to bed—
  Dar ole mammy's chile will soon be 'posin'.
Now kiss yo' ma, now kiss yo' pa,
  Right in mammy's arms yo' will be clinging';
Den like a star, away so far
  In de dreamland while ole mammy's singin'.

So close yo' eyes! Hush baby Lize!
  You'se yo' mammy's glory in de mornin',
Oh, Shoo de flies! Now close yo' eyes,
  Crickets will be singin' till de dawnin';
Den soft and low, de ole banjo,
  While de white folks yonder am a sleepin',
De ole banjo,—de songs yo' know,—
  In de cullad quarters late hours keepin'.

Sleep on my little pickaninny,
  Yo' mammy watches nigh;
Crickets in de cornfield am a singin',—
  Yo' mammy's sittin' by.
Sleep on until de light am breakin'
  An' shadows leave de sky;
So close yo' eyes! Yo' mammy's nigh!
  Now hush-a-by! My baby by.

THE TRANSITORY

The world is changing constantly,
  The brilliant day is lost in night,
  The seasons pass in rapid flight,
The storm awakes the tranquil sea;
  What wonder strange
  That hearts should change.

Is Change not then a bright coquette
  In spangles, tinsel, glittering gold?
  Disguised in garb so manifold
That we admiring do forget
  The mystic art
  That hides her heart.

To-day Love's hand in yours reposes;
  Her eyes are bright with tender light,
  Like stars first twinkling into sight;
And all the way is strown with roses,
  But were it strange
  That Love should change?

Philosophizing thus 'tis plain
  How those sweet lips that murmured "yes,"
  And those blue eyes that beamed to bless,
Could also speak and look disdain;
  Ah, 'tis not strange
  That Love does change.

So fleeting, changing is this life!
  While hearts beat high, Love's passion fades;
  Fame seemeth near, our clutch evades;
Hope turns to ashes—all is strife!
  How transitory
  The dream of glory!

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Thirty years ago to-day!
My! how time has slipped away!
I recall your laughing eyes
Matching well the summer skies;
Blushing cheeks, and bridal dress;
And the minister to bless.
I can scarce believe 'tis so—
Thirty years ago!

And I ask, as I look back
O'er the long, time-beaten track,
Would you now, as you did then,
Answer "Yes" and start again?
Knowing all, doth sad regret
Chide the hour when first we met?
Would you, knowing, have said "No,"
Thirty years ago?

Mem'ries of those fleeting years
Full of mingled joys and tears;
Tears for one who crossed the bar
Bright to us as evening's star;
Hearts rejoiced by little hands
Sent from Heaven's golden strands;—
These are things we did not know
Thirty years ago.

Love hath burned away our tears,
Sent a rainbow through the years,
So that, looking down the stream,
Like some half-remembered dream,
Cometh back those by-gone hours,
Wedding chimes and bridal flowers,—
Do you wish you had said "No,"
Thirty years ago?

QUEEN OF ARAGON

(Farewell to Annie Clarke, of Boston Museum dramatic fame.)

When "Knighthood Was in Flower" held the stage,
And 'mong the players Annie was the queen,
Attended by gay courtiers, knights and page,
And villagers who thronged upon the green.

And as she spake her lines with charming grace,
Fond memories of old museum days
Came trooping back, and Annie's youthful face,—
Ah, who can e'er forget those olden plays!

Our idol in a multitude of parts,
Each character but added to her fame,
And won a place within ten thousand hearts,
Where histrionic honors wreathe her name.

Fair Queen of Aragon! thy jeweled crown
And robe of ermine thou shalt wear no more;
The scepter of thy power has been laid down
With all thy royal gifts we did adore.

The closing line is spok'n, the curtain falls;
She ne'er again will hear the wild applause,
Nor smiling answer to the warm recalls
As Juliet, or Portia of the Laws.

We scan the mimic heavens, near and far,
Recall the constellations past and gone;
But bright among them all the shining star
Of Annie Clarke, fair Queen of Aragon.

THANKSGIVING SONG

Tune: America.

Again the story tell
Of Independence Bell
  And Freedom's birth!
How love of liberty
Bore men across the sea
That they might worship Thee,
  Savior of earth.

In fear and trembling came,
But guided by Thy name,
  A flag unfurled;
  A banner bright and new,
The red, the white, the blue;
But what that flag can do
  Amazed the world.

All o'er our favored land,
With peace and plenty spanned,
  Praise Him most high!
As years do speed away,
On each Thanksgiving Day
Let all our people pray—
  Praise Him most high!

"God's will, not mine, be done,"
Should make all nations one
  In bonds of love;
Let War's grim horrors end,
Good will and peace attend,
And blessings will descend
  From Him above.

CHRISTMASTIDE

Some who were nearest,
Some who were dearest,
  Bridegroom and bride,
Heard the fond greeting,
Loved ones repeating,
  Last Christmastide.

Someone has sadness,
Marring all gladness,
  Far from our side;
Some are heartbroken,
Sorrow unspoken,
This Christmastide.

Someone is sleeping,
Stars vigils keeping,
  Bridegroom or bride—
Father or mother—
Maybe another,
  This Christmastide.

Bury our sorrow,
Merry the morrow,
  Fling portals wide!
Hang high the holly,
Giving makes jolly,
  Dear Christmastide.

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